Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue ſworne an oath,
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, hee'll be forſworne.
Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why will ſhall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladiſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath ſworne out Houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And ſinne to breake it:
But pardon me I am too ſodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainly reſolue me in my ſuite.
Nau, Madam, I will, if ſodainly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'le proue periur'd if you make me ſtay.
Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſſe was it then to aske the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Roſa. 'Tis long of you that ſpurre mee with ſuch queſtions.
Ber Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Roſa. The houre that fooles ſhould aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Roſa. Faire falls the face it couers.
Ber. And ſend you many Louers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I begone.
Kin. Madame your father here doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe of an intire ſumme,
Diſburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that ſumme; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,

One part of *Aquitane* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one halfe which is but ſatiſfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendſhip with his Maieſtie:
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demands
One payment of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our fathers lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe, were not his requeſts ſo farre
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And goe well ſatiſfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receit
Of that which hath ſo faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe proteſt I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, You can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſumme from ſpeciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satiſfie me ſoe.
Boyet. So pleaſe your grace the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound.
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſight of them.
Kin. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſſe.
You may not come faire Princeſſe in my gates,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.47) Octavo